

APRIL.

BY P. B. WEST.

Daughter of Spring,
Month of the swelling bud
And early flowers,
What boon of Nature do ye bring,
To compensate
For winter's chilling hours.

Smiles and sunshine!
Aye, and smiles and tears
Are April showers and sunny beams,
And lengthened days are thine,
And balmy air—
Reflex, of former years.

What is your boast?

To lead in the array
The van, of longed for summer days,
That crown the year, enlivening most
The grateful earth
That courts the sun's bright rays.

How capricious!

Oft times hast thou shown
Thyself distasteful to the throng
That hold thy freaks malicious;
As mantle white,
Is careless o'er them thrown.

With April showers,

Come liveries of green,
The patient robin builds her nest,
While thrush and jay, seek covert bowers,
Sequestered there,
In quiet haunts to rest.

Music is thine;

The melody of rills,
From marsh, and fen, and limped spring
The chorus rings, thus do incline
The choiristers
Joyous, that early sing.

April awakes,

What e'er of earth is ridden
Of the misrule of winter's reign,
All nature animate, partakes
New life diffused,
And welcomes spring again.

'Tis April's boast,

To nurse the tender germs—
Tendrils that through long winter slept,
Prisoned in gelid earth, the host—
Buds and blossoms,
That have long vigils kept.

In strength prepare,

And in future follow
Nature's teachings, only the wise
In harmony its gifts will share,
And good pursue,
And evil works despise.